MR. EISENHOWER GOES TO A PARTY

—Francis J. Keenan

THE

Commonweal

In Search of Ethiopia

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

MICHAEL HARRINGTON VIVIAN MERCIER PATRICK F. QUINN

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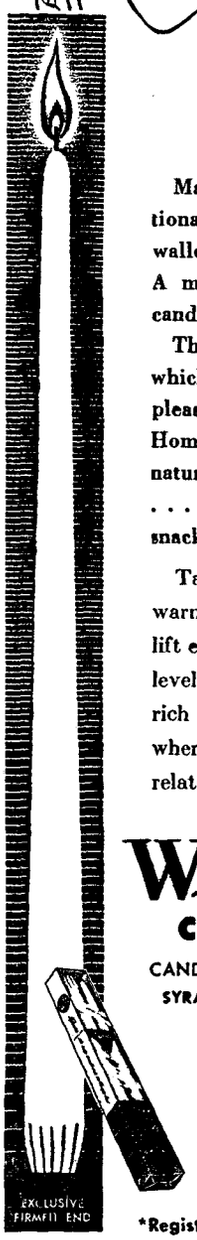

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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE TRAVAIL OF ABUNDANCE

HUNGER has perennially been the lot of men. It is not uniquely a present-day phenomenon, much as scarcity has been aggravated by the pressure of population upon resources in recent decades. There was widespread hunger in the world in the early 1930's when depressed American hog prices led to the much bruited slaughter of the little pigs. Hunger stalks men in all sectors of the world today at the very moment American surplus foodstuffs have accumulated beyond our capacity to store them.

Let us look at these conditions from another angle. Today throughout the world there are literally millions of children without the energy to play. There are millions of men and women so ill-nourished that they lack the energy to work or to better their condition. Many peoples are so ravaged by hunger and deficiency diseases that they have no hope, ambition, or will to resist.

Meanwhile there are the dimensions of our bulging storehouse. Surpluses in federal storage on a crop loan basis are worth five billion dollars and they continue to increase. Such storage costs the Government close to a half million a day. These stocks include more than a billion pounds of butter (which turns rancid in time), cheese and dried milk, and enough wheat to last us fifteen months. More than three hundred freighters have had to be requisitioned to store our surplus grains.

According to present prospects, when this year's crops are in, the surplus will have mounted to the point that there will be an additional quarter billion bushels of grain beyond present storage facilities. If this all sounds merely bothersome or slightly embarrassing, one has only to look at current economic difficulties in the farm areas, where the last depression got its big start. Agricultural surpluses act as a dead weight against all future production. Despite costly crop supports they place the livelihood of many Americans in great jeopardy. It is a losing game. And nothing effective can be done about the chronic farm problem until present surpluses have a big bite taken out of them.

The American people have never been particularly happy about piling up surpluses while their neighbors were languishing in want. We have by no means been as conscientious about our stewardship as we should. But the difficulty of finding feasible means of getting our foodstuffs into the hands of the hungry in other lands has been an important deterrent.

DUMPING our agricultural surpluses into the world market would constitute an unfriendly act toward other nations, as it would throw the basic operations of other national economies into chaos. Direct shipments to governments has often proved wide of its object, as venal officialdom has all too often diverted our shipments into the hands of private speculators who left the ill-fed populace as bereft of life's necessities as before. The alternative of supervising distribution within a foreign country was naturally too much of an affront to national sovereignties to be acceptable very often.

Moreover, local transportation has frequently proved an almost insuperable problem in underdeveloped lands; the long haul from America and unloading at some seaport would not meet the need. In short, we have yielded to discouragement over thorny imponderables, lethargy towards distant circumstances, preoccupations close to home.

The cold war has provided a spur against the habit of lethargy and neglect. For the Communists stand ready everywhere to capitalize on misery, resentment and envy. And now possibly at long last our own domestic difficulties will goad us into striking out against hunger in other lands on a scale never before attempted. We have the experience of lesser efforts in the past to serve as guide.

One thing we can do to start things in the right direction in a substantial way is to call upon the private agencies now functioning overseas. Through an organization such as the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, which comprises forty-four religious and non-sectarian

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agencies, much can be done. These groups have recently manifested their willingness so to enlarge their distribution programs among people with no purchasing power that it would take a big chunk out of our mountainous present surplus. These agencies are talking in terms of absorbing some twenty per cent of the total United States surplus within a three-year period.

The Government could provide the transportation to each foreign distribution point (or reimburse the agencies for the cost of such transportation). The agencies themselves would take over from there. Child feeding would be stepped up in many lands; thousands of Korean war widows would be fed; malnutrition among the refugees and expellees in Hong Kong, the Near East and Europe would be met head on. And all the while the pressure weighing on our farm areas, and the national economy generally, would be easing. Will the Administration have the vision to take the step?

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

THE Bricker Amendment, as the *Bricker* Amendment, now seems safely defeated. The famous "which" clause (The *New Yorker* noted that it should, grammatically, have been a "that" clause) will not, apparently, survive in any substitute that may be offered as a compromise proposal. Indeed, whatever substitute is offered may have little chance for success. The odds now seem to favor no amendment at all.

This prospect represents a stunning success for the Administration, perhaps its greatest to date. Only a few weeks ago passage of the Bricker Amendment, "which clause" and all, seemed certain. Sixty-three Senators had endorsed it, powerful groups had pressured for it, and the Administration, maintaining its customary conciliatory attitude toward Congressional proceedings, had offered only feeble opposition. But then the President made his opposition forceful: the "real" Eisenhower emerged as "unalterably opposed" to the Bricker Amendment as it stood, and Congressional support for the Amendment quickly crumbled before the President's firmness. Many Senators who had previously endorsed it now sought, almost frantically, some face-saving way out.

There is an obvious but great lesson here. Mr. Walter Lippmann has warned against using the Constitution as a sort of billboard on which to paste the partisan slogans of the moment. The Bricker Amendment was such a slogan. At its worst it was a dangerous violation of our traditional procedures in conducting the nation's foreign affairs: it would have placed intolerable restrictions upon the President's freedom of action in this area and, perhaps, have made an effective foreign policy impossible at all. At its best it was a meaningless expression of partisan frustration over life in the modern world, an attempt to "get even" for the failure of earlier hopes.

The Constitution is obviously not perfect. It can and should be improved through occasional amendment. But great care must be taken lest an amendment, rather than perfecting the Constitution's spirit, undermine it. And great care should also be taken lest Constitutional changes depend upon the changing partisan controversies of each decade.

There is a distinct danger that either party, after a long absence from power, will seek some revenge through amendment when it finally attains power. There was clearly an element of this danger present in some of the support given Senator Bricker's proposal. In opposing it Mr. Eisenhower has done more than rescue the freedom of his foreign policy from undue restrictions. He has also rescued the Constitution from those who would undermine its spirit through hasty and ill-advised partisan procedures.

MR. MANION'S RESIGNATION

WHEN Clarence Manion was Dean of the Law School at the University of Notre Dame he wrote a book called *The Key to Peace*. It was a tremendous success among certain groups and Mr. Manion quickly became a hero of the extreme right wing nationalists in this country.

It was easy to see why. In his book Mr. Manion advanced the thesis that the authority of the Sta

NEXT WEEK

MARTIN TURNELL writes on the life and work of Alain-Fournier:

"The French are more attentive than other peoples to the fame of their writers but, as Robert Gibson remarks in his biography, Alain-Fournier's celebrity was not purely literary, and it was not an accident that his legend came into being between the wars. He is an enchanting writer, certainly, but he was also a symbol of 'the lost generation,' the youth of France who perished in the First World War. . . . There were in his make-up two conflicting impulses. One was a restless desire for adventure and discovery. . . . The other was a profound attachment to his native province. . . ."

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is a result of Original Sin, that "each individual human being has both a natural right and a *natural duty* [italics added] to acquire and hold private property." He extolled the United States as having "the greatest civilization the world has ever seen." He heaped scorn on non-American civilizations and attacked any and all social legislation as "socialistic." His positions, as the Alsops recently pointed out, made Senator Bricker look like a wild leftist.

Last year President Eisenhower appointed Mr. Manion (he was no longer at Notre Dame) as chairman of the Administration's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. Last week the President requested, and received, his resignation.

This might have been foreseen. The Manion appointment was, from the start, "incredible," especially from an Administration which prides itself on pursuing a "middle way." Mr. Manion has made it very clear that he has no use for the middle way. He has even made it clear that he has little use for the conventional "right" way. His views are about as close to the Eisenhower Administration's as, say, Mr. Corliss Lamont's would be to the former Truman Administration's.

Now, both Mr. Manion and Mr. Lamont obviously have every right to hold their particular extreme views, but it is not surprising that both conventional conservatives and conventional liberals (who in this country are not too far apart) find their services embarrassing. The end of the Manion appointment is a logical, and fortunate, one.

BERLIN-GENEVA

THE Big Four meeting concluded in Berlin two weeks ago was not a failure. It certainly solved no cold-war problems, but very few people really expected any solutions. Holding the conference was a necessity for psychological reasons. Too much speculation had been going on about Russian changes of heart; too many people had (understandably) grasped the fragile hope that the terrible division of the world might *somehow* be resolved by a conference. There had also been a sense of treadmilling in American foreign policy. All of these pressures demanded an *act*. The act is now performed, and it has been something of a political catharsis.

The Western nations defined their position very precisely; they made generous concessions, such as their offer to accept the Austrian peace treaty on Russia's previous terms; their skill and unity were a tribute to the ability of the ministers and ministries involved.

Mr. Molotov seemed also to feel the psychological pressures. He did not rant. He was merely obdurate, also defining his position very precisely.

The result is that we and the Soviets know in the clearest terms where we stand. The West demands a German government freely elected, free to conduct its own foreign policy. As Mr. Dulles said in his concluding statement: "The Western powers realize that no one can know with certainty the use to which men and nations will put their freedom. History records abuses of freedom. Doubtless it will do so again. Nevertheless, we are convinced that no social system has ever been invented which is better than that which puts its trust in human freedom, guided by education and by religion. . . . The Western powers were willing to place trust in the German and Austrian peoples. The Soviet Union was not."

The Russians made it most clear that they were not. They will not accept a free, non-Communist Germany, and they will not free Austria until Germany either is Communist, or part of a Communist-dominated security system. They also are bitterly opposed to NATO and the prospect of a European Army.

The agreement to hold a Far Eastern conference is another matter. Soviet interests in Asia are not so rigidly defined, and the Chinese will have a major say in what happens. It is possible that this conference may prove useful.

The situation in Indochina almost surely cannot satisfactorily be solved without a more general settlement. Both Communists and French have the power to deny victory to the other; neither has the power to conquer the other. Walter Lippman has proposed an arrangement which is artificial and tremendously difficult to apply, yet which might be a key to a compromise settlement. It is the placing of Indochina under the supervision of the neutral Asian countries. China might be willing to agree to this if she found suitable advantages elsewhere. And suitable advantages might be recognition and admittance to the UN.

The division of Korea is likely to continue. A conference can be expected to do little more than rationalize the division: to produce the same agreement to disagree as on the German question. Korea's division is a *fait accompli*. Neither side is going to hand over its part of Korea to the other.

In spite of the possibilities, however, one cannot help but be pessimistic. Russia profits by continued war and unrest in Asia. She sees a chance, through Indochina, to dominate Southeast Asia. China pays the bill, and the only question is whether she may not find paying that bill an increasingly unpleasant obligation. In that lies the fate of this Far Eastern Conference.

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"EXTREME PARTISANSHIP"

THE seeds of "extreme partisanship," I think, are found deep in human nature. The phenomenon is surely exploited by politicians, publicists and special-interest groups, but I don't think they create it.

Every man has certain allegiances whose roots are sunk deep in the subterranean levels of the human personality—loyalties to one's family, country, nationality, social class and race. These innate loyalties are sheer dynamite and he who challenges them can expect an explosion. One may even be highly critical of one's own group but will bitterly resent criticism coming from the outside. It is a cliché that big families who fight among themselves cling together whenever a stranger dares to interfere. The same is true of the citizen abroad. At home he may be full of criticism for his government and its leaders; but put him under a strange flag and he may even become defensive about things that he actually despises.

The psychologists, I know, have ready explanations for this persistent human pattern. It seems to be in accord with the very nature of man. I suppose that it is related to the law of personal survival and is almost as fundamental. And until it becomes exaggerated to the point where it is a danger to the survival of other families, nations and human groupings, it helps to hold the world together.

Just because loyalty of this kind is so basically human and natural, an offense against it is regarded as particularly heinous even in the most primitive societies. The traitor is generally seen as the most despicable of all criminals. By the same token, the charge of treason is the most incendiary of all political accusations.

The basic loyalties I am speaking of are not reached by rational processes; they are just something that happens to one. A man is born into this or that family, and that is the family he is loyal to; he doesn't choose this loyalty. He is born into a particular country and a particular race of mankind: again no deliberate choice is involved. But if you ask most people what family, country or race they would have chosen for themselves, they will usually say, "Just what I am." That seems perfectly natural too, since they do not make the judgment in space but remain what they are even while making it.

The problem of "extreme partisanship" arises when a deliberately chosen loyalty—to a particular political party or ideology—is involved. And the problem here is that what is essentially an emotional reaction is clothed in the garb of reason and passes itself off as objective judgment. Emotion masquerading as reason hopelessly confounds and poisons controversy.

A man, say, is a convinced leftist; he knows what he believes. But there are others who believe otherwise living in the same society and trying, like him, to shape that society to their own image of what it should be. So the man reacts to his ideological opponents as if there were no explanation for *their* set of loyalties but blackhearted selfishness and greed. He can not explain his opponents, even to himself, except in these moralistic terms, because to treat their arguments seriously implies that these arguments may have some rational basis in fact, and he cannot tolerate the thought.

Or a man is a convinced rightist. Then the opposition must be composed of scheming near-traitors intent on the destruction of universally cherished values, or at best of muddle-headed incompetents whose word can not be taken seriously by responsible thinkers.

We have the question of McCarthyism now to serve as an illustration. The Senator arouses fiercely emotional responses from two camps. Some are sincerely convinced that McCarthy and his methods have introduced a dangerous element into American life which, if unchecked, could destroy our way of life. Having made this basic judgment (as, I admit, I have) and having given it their loyalty, they often seem to feel called upon to minimize the actual problem of Communist infiltration, to whitewash the serious errors made by previous Administrations on security measures, and to consign the admirers of the Wisconsin Senator to the ranks of people motivated by some dark cryptic hatred of democracy and freedom.

The Senator's followers react just as blindly. No rationalizing on their part seems too extreme to cover up McCarthy's objectionable behavior. No charges against those who oppose him seem too outrageous. There is genuine rejoicing among them each time it seems a genuine subversive might be found, because it scores for their side of the argument. When a suspected traitor turns out to be not a traitor at all, they are actually disappointed. Sometimes the emotional response goes so far that they just refuse to believe the accused is really innocent: too many innocents will spoil their image of a treason-ridden nation which can be saved only through the McCarthy "crusade," to which they have given their allegiance.

In the meantime, all this emotional display masquerades as serious rational exchange. The struggle becomes fighting Senator Joe—our guy—versus the "pseudo-liberals" and "would-be intellectuals"—the bad guys. The terms, of course, should be: How are we going to deal with the problems of subversion? And it should not be a struggle at all but a difference of opinion to be rationally worked out by people who are equally intent on serving the best interests of their country.

JOHN COGLEY.

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In Search of Ethiopia

AN AMERICAN IN AFRICA SEEKS OUT THE MEANINGS IN THE TURBULENT LIFE AROUND HIM

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

ADDIS Ababa: Coming up from Nairobi, in British East Africa, the plane was crowded with teachers —Swiss, Canadian, French, Swedish and American—returning from their summer vacations to start the fall term in the Ethiopian capitol. It was a delightful shock to realize that these white people were servants of a black state, on contract like any other employees, for in Ethiopia the Government calls the tune and the white dances, at a good price it is true, but still he dances. A Kenyan colonialist would have swooned at the sight.

The city of Addis Ababa itself is probably the most primitive capital in the world. Except for a concentrated center of a few square blocks, it straggles at eighty-two hundred feet over miles of dipping valleys and hills, connected by mud lanes, smothered in great groves of Australian gum-trees and slender eucalypti. A few European-style houses can be seen among the village huts built along sidewalks cracked and splashed with wild grass. After the rains, mimosas bloom along the muddy streets and the open yards are speckled with orange-gold maskal daisies. Diseased but good-natured beggars swarm everywhere while grotesque dwarfs, reaching up to one's thigh, pluck at one's pants. Horse-drawn carts compete with bearded flocks of goats and wood-laden asses driven down from the surrounding hills. At night the hyenas still penetrate the center of the city to eat the garbage, their unpleasant howls blending with the yelps of the wild dogs which infest the city.

The dominant group in Ethiopia is the Amhara Christian aristocracy, who, as feudal lords, form a class living off the tribute of the pagan and Moslem tribes, principal of whom is the Galla. The Amharas, who originally came from the northern mountain regions, own enormous land tracts in perpetuity, several extending all the way to the Somaliland frontier. This is not necessarily oppressive, for in this underpopulated country, where eggs cost less than a cent apiece, and good beef can be had for twenty cents a pound, there is still plenty of food to go around.

Mr. Friedenberg, a New York businessman and free-lance writer, recently returned from Africa, his third trip there since the war.

It is immediately apparent that Ethiopia is a perfect feudal state. The small Amhara aristocracy, with its wealth in land, sits on a peasantry so backward it doesn't even realize there is anything anomalous in the pattern. The mass of the nobility and clergy are reactionary, suspicious of all innovation. Hereditary feudal lords in the provinces receive primary allegiance from their subjects, and Galla tribesmen thirty miles from the capital are not even aware a central government exists. *Shiftas,* or cut-throat brigands, infiltrate the countryside and any trip off the few main highways requires an armed escort. A few years ago the government tried to collect taxes in the remote Simien Mountains to the north and were refused; the Army was sent in and actually defeated by the hardy tribesmen. The youth of the Danikal tribe to the extreme east must still display the testicles of an enemy mounted on their forehead as a sign of prowess before marriage, and two Europeans were recently 'mutilated,' as the paper tactfully expressed it, when passing through their region.

Yet these undeniable facts give a distorted picture of the stirring in the land. A few men at the top, and especially Emperor Haile Selassie, are slowly trying to guide the country into the modern world. The five years of Italian Occupation were a douche awakening these people from their long sleep. The important point is that, willy-nilly and even devoid of plan, a black people is trying to pull itself on its own bootstraps from the morass of time, and, without vindictiveness, is asking the white man for help strictly on a salaried basis.

There is no doubt that the white man could do it better in this land where Amhara nepotism is the accepted basis for all position; there is also no doubt that when the white man has a free hand (as is amply illustrated in the rest of Central Africa) he entails greater evils than the improvement may be worth. For the Ethiopian is trying to build up from his own cultural pattern, rather than destroying it and implanting an alien value-culture which has no roots in his past. Haile Selassie, who has had long experience, is lurching along a central path; he appeases the old group and at the same time appeals to the young.

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The Emperor seems to be concentrating on education, for thirty thousand students, or almost ten per cent of the population of Addis Ababa, are enrolled in various types of schools, with the emphasis not alone on abstract scholastic pursuits but technical studies as well. As far as can be seen at this point, the economic feudal structure has not yet been disturbed, but this mass European-style education must inevitably insinuate itself into the fabric of Ethiopian life. When we view the volcanic restratification occuring in Asian terrain today, one is led to the conclusion that it may be better to move slowly and securely within the traditions of a people than attempt to do too much too quickly.

THOSE who are economic determinists and proclaim that the strict technological limits of a country automatically determine its social and cultural structure ought to visit Ethiopia; for the enormous impact of this people's being Christian has penetrated to the very core of their psyche. In the Moslem countries, the feeling toward Europeans is *basically* hostile; even an Islamic socialist acts according to different psychological impulses, though his social outlook may be superficially similar to a European. Here, to the contrary, the *average* native feels friendly toward Westerners because he senses in the very guts of his being a similarity of outlook over the centuries. Encompassed by Moslem states for a thousand years, his most natural impulse is to regard a fellow Christian, no matter how bellicose, as a friend. This alters the whole approach to the foreigner. The American especially benefits from this attitude because the Ethiopian feels that he has no desire to take over the political control of the country.

Another important factor is color. The Ethiopian Amharas, the ruling Christian lords, are a basic Semitic group more or less mixed with highland Hamitic stock and some Negro Bantu. Although the skin is dark, their features are Caucasian. They resent being considered Negro and regard the Southern Bantu tribes of their country, contemptuously lumped as "Shankalla," as inferior. Thus, allied by what they consider culture, race and religion with Western Civilization, their instinctive response to modern European values is friendly; if it is the outcome of Europe, hostile to Negro to the South and to Islam on the other sides, it must patently be a good, or minimally, not opposed to their national interest.

That the Amhara is thus remarkably susceptible to European culture does not of course mean that he is going to jettison his feudal system and the power that it involves. But it does reflect on his basic approach to modern civilization. The Negro feels that his culture is being destroyed by the white man, and his most primeval impulse is to destroy both the white man and his cultural pattern: Mau Mau. The Moslem feels that his civilization is almost as old and is as good as the Christian's and turns back to the Golden Age of Islam as his model: Pan-Islam and, in its worst form, the Moslem Brotherhood. But the Ethiopian has none of these hostile responses; his approach to the "European" is that of a man of good will, different it is true, but basically not alien.

As a corollary to this mental attitude, the Ethiopian, considering his millennium-long isolation and intense nationalism, is remarkably free from the grosser forms of xenophobia. One would think that the Ethiopians would detest the Italians, but this is not true. The native, now that the Italians have been ousted, considers it an honor to speak their language. Many Italians who have permanently settled in the country are employed in high executive posts and a grasp of Italian is a *lingua franca* in most native market areas. The Ethiopian alertness to languages in general is amazing. For some five years English has now been the compulsory second tongue of the country, and in this brief time more Ethiopians have learned English than did the natives of British East Africa in fifty years, or ten times as long, under the English. The essential intellectual curiosity of the average Ethiopian is a sign of great hope for the future.

Another stratagem of the Government which illustrates the basic shrewdness of Haile Selassie is the insistence on a dispersal of foreign economic penetration. Unlike Liberia, which is actually a pocket American principality, Ethiopia has attempted to separate national groups investing in the land. The French control the one major railroad; Americans operate the National airline; Italian technicians are in many posts; British insurance companies are dominant; Armenians, Greeks and Indians handle most of the retail trade; the Dutch have brought sugar plantations intact from their former East Indies; even the Russians have a hospital, which, according to the more rabid anti-Communists, is supposed to disseminate terrible bolshevist propaganda. The Americans, it is true, are most favored by the Emperor at the present time, and are entering in increasing force, but in no way can their activity be considered prejudicial to the political independence of the country.

GONDAR: Lepers, sitting in ankle-deep mud, cry alms for the Love of God; excrement and urine dripping from holes into the streets; itinerant holy men-beggars covered with flies; travelling minstrel bards playing Oriental melodies on the *masinko,* the one-stringed fiddle; flocks of goats and asses plowing through the violent rains; feudal lords mounted on mules, protected with large umbrellas by obsequious attendants; monks copying prayer-books on sheepskin

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parchment; silversmiths hammering Byzantine crosses in corrugated iron shacks: hinterland Ethiopia is intensely romantic or pigsty filthy, according to the point of view.

As has been said with authority, if Ethiopia were at sea level, the entire population would be dead long ago. Among the Americans, two schools of thought rage: one says that one hundred per cent of the Ethiopians have endemic syphilis, while the other retorts that one shouldn't exaggerate, it is only ninety per cent. But all agree on the universal presence of tapeworm, not to mention leprosy, jaundice, typhus, malaria and several diseases which haven't properly been named yet. There is still not a single native Ethiopian doctor, and absolutely no attention is paid to water purification and sewage disposal.

The white man, fifty years ago in Asia and starting now in colonial Africa, introduced modern medicine and hygiene, doubled the surviving birth rate and increased age expectancy without increasing technologic

productive methods: the result was that the food supply remained almost constant while the population doubled and tripled. An Oriental historian of the future, writing after the white race has been exterminated, might make the sage observation that the main reason for this insignificant event was that the Europeans introduced doctors and modern hygiene into the yellow and black countries before applying methods of raising the food supply in like proportion, and that the surplus population created was finally sufficient to wipe him out.

Not only do the Ethiopians abhor sanitation, they dislike most of the amenities of modern society. Except for the small educated group of Amharas, the average native outside of Addis Ababa prefers to live in his traditional pattern. The Italians built a 'new' Gondar, replete with fine roads, water drainage, modern apartments and stores. Since their leaving, the Ethiopians have deserted the modern quarter, keeping only a few buildings in repair for Government services. The roads, which are starting to crumble, are used till the holes are too big; they then are also abandoned. The houses have been let to the pigeons, who with raucous excitement fly in and out through the showering plaster.

There is no doubt but that there was more activity and commerce in Ethiopia under the Italians than today. It takes a brave man to venture out of Addis Ababa simply from the one standpoint of disease alone. It is however a moot question whether it is really better to let a people live in filth their own way and develop their own pattern with no harm to others, or, on the contrary, to do away with disease, to build modern cities, teach your brand of ideological hygiene and then equip them with guns to exterminate other peoples who are not in accord. This is the paradox involved. As one Amhara put it: "We were much richer under the Italians but didn't find much happiness in the use of our money." The Ethiopians would rather live their own way, partly because of ignorance, partly because of a skepticism toward modern values. At least this pattern has the minimal benefit that disease keeps down the population so they are not forced to conquer their neighbors. War and imperialist doctrines are the supreme threats of our time. The Chinese, who learned modern medicine from the white man without the compensatory technocracy, illustrate this adage. The Indians, who regard each child as a gift of God, are in the process of spilling over the entire surrounding territories and still have recurrent famines each year that are increasingly severe. The cycle in Africa is beginning to imitate Asia. But in Ethiopia the people are struggling to find their own soul in their own way, much as in Medieval Europe. If the foreigner doesn't like the filth and disease, he can go home; after all, it *is* their country.

ASMARA: This capital of Eritrea, formerly an Italian colony, was formally federated with Ethiopia in 1952. The citizens, who voted for this merger, would undoubtedly think twice if the opportunity were afforded again because the area, fifty years in advance of Ethiopia proper, is rapidly being reduced to the same condition as the latter State. Ten years ago there were 110,000 Italians in the city of Asmara alone, or approximately the same white population as the entire Belgian Congo and British Kenya; today there are only 15,000 Italians left in all Eritrea. The fate of these dispersed Italians is another of those tragedies in which modern history is so replete; their life being difficult enough in continental Italy, they have spread to Aden, Jibuti, Egypt, even Addis Ababa. The Eritreans, part of whom have a vague historic similarity to the Amharas of northern Ethiopia, now find that one foreign group has been substituted for another. Haile Selassie, in a speech (on the occasion of the twenty-second anniver-

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sary of his coronation) remarkably similar to those of Hitler regarding Danzig and the Sudetenland, cooed: "To have visited Eritrea, to have seen Our returned sea ports, and to have experienced through their warm welcome the deep longing of Our people of Eritrea to see Us, We have returned with Our heart full of happiness." To this the thoughtful Eritreans could reply with much skepticism. The reason is not difficult. The prescient Italians operated Eritrea as a kind of free seaport for Ethiopia; they deliberately kept prices down so they could sell to the hinterland. Now that the Ethiopians have taken over, they are slowly raising the tariff rates so that the two areas will be one. Like all simple peoples devoid of knowledge of fundamental economics they think by so doing they will receive both the high revenues from the custom duties and the low prices which made the merchandise attractive. Of course, what is actually happening, because of the higher prices caused by the new tariff wall, is that people are not buying the goods and business is being strangled; the Golden Goose, squeezed too hard, is giving forth different droppings. And the Eritrean people, under new masters, are learning the hard facts of life, as did the Sudeten and Polish-Corridor Germans.

Asmara, as a consequence, is a good sociological study of a city overtaken by disease, valuable because it is a case study of what is going to happen throughout Africa in the next twenty-five years. At the periphery, grass is starting to grow in the ruins of what were the outlying dwellings. As you move toward the commercial center, every second store is boarded up, then every third. Here and there in this very beautiful Riviera-style city, cracks in the sidewalk are beginning to open. The main retail area along the Haile Selassie Avenue, formerly the Corso Italia, is desperately struggling for existence; this is the hub for the remaining Italians. The small specialty stores are almost deserted and a few of the owners have taken to the Arab custom of putting out a chair and watching the straggling passerby.

Along the streets the begging is the most vicious I have ever witnessed, abundant evidence that the natives had become accustomed to the white man's goods and are finding difficulty returning to the habitudes of their ancestors. Ragged urchins hobble along for blocks, whining and groaning, without a trace of the humor encountered in Ethiopia proper. Little girls offer liaisons. There seems instantaneous recognition of an American and self-appointed guides offer tours, sexual adventures, souvenirs and anything else they can think of. "Johnny, money for Jesus," said one little Arabized black, while another swore "Accursed Yahuda" in Arabic, both without the slightest concern for one's genealogy. In the heart of the African highlands, this completely Italian city is dying, offering a picture of what is to come throughout Colonial Africa.

FROM WASHINGTON

Mr. Eisenhower Goes to a Party

FRANCIS J. KEENAN

THERE are functions which are so organized and structured as to be almost ceremonial—to the degree that any deviation from the norm takes on immediate significance. Such an affair was the recent Republican get-together, the annual Lincoln Day box supper here at the Uline Arena. And to the degree that the fundamental condition of a political party is reflected in its family gatherings, all may not be well with the Republican party in 1954.

This was the third year of an affair which already has become the traditional opening shot of a campaign year. Designed for the many, and priced low to attract them, the box supper has been marked in its brief history by a vibrancy and enthusiasm characteristic of the Republican mood of the times. The first of the suppers, in 1951, followed the party's Congressional gains of the preceding fall. The 1952 celebration came just ahead of a succession of bitterly contested Presidential primaries. But Republicans, regardless of their candidate, were united in sensing victory just ahead, and the crowds, the noise, the buoyant enthusiasm overflowed accordingly.

Not so, however, at this year's affair. In place of jammed aisles there were hundreds of vacant seats; mountains of supper boxes at evening's end contrasted sharply with previous shortages. And while lots of entertainment and a number of the speeches produced considerable enthusiasm from the more than seven thousand people present, at no point was there the uninhibited hullabaloo of '51 and '52.

A number of reasons suggest themselves for this restraint. As usual, the party rally was held in conjunction with the meeting of the Republican National Committee, and, press statements to the contrary, these gatherings were not characterized by irrepressible optimism. Party leaders admitted privately that they see altogether too much possibility of losing control of one or both houses of Congress this fall.

Also, dissatisfactions are being voiced in prominent quarters of the party. Author (and National Committeeman from Arizona) Clarence Buddington Kelland may have taken an extreme position when he demanded the virtual abolition of the civil service and its replacement by the old political spoils system, but he surely echoed

Mr. Keenan, Washington representative of the Louis de Rougemont organization, was an aide to the late Senator Charles Tobey.

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widespread complaints about the scarcity of Republican patronage.

Then there are such thorns in Republican sides as the Bricker amendment, farm parity percentages, increased unemployment and many others. While these issues are usually seen in the form of Congressional struggles, they nevertheless reflect strong feelings among party workers. And these views came to Washington in the persons of worried Committeemen.

As the big event of the week, a sort of display window of Republican campaign hopes, the Lincoln Day box supper could hardly avoid being a mirror of the very real difficulties and divisions confronting the party. For the people themselves, whose convictions, values and interests are involved, were all present. In them, comprising as they do the various factions of the party, lie the sources of Republican problems. And the responsibilities of government have ruthlessly brought to the surface all the differences inherent in a coalition-type political party.

THE development of Republican factions in the past has provided the framework for their present difficulties, and may explain the context in which they met last month to face a new campaign. During its long sojourn in opposition, the party's voice was largely that of its right wing. Conservative Republicans found much more to criticize in the programs of the New and Fair Deals than did their liberal colleagues. This opposition was necessarily centered in the Congress, and there opposition leaders attained their influence principally through seniority, by virtue of continued re-election from safe states and Congressional districts. By and large, this element of the party still thrives in the halls of the Congress. The more liberal wing—allowing for the inevitable exceptions to a generalization—flourishes around the White House, whose occupant, in order to be elected, must make an effective appeal to substantial elements within all the major groups of the population.

This separation of power within the Republican party, combined with traditionally competitive legislative-executive relations, may account for some of the roadblocks the President's legislative program has and will run into. For this program is, in general, a moderate one; it does not represent the degree of retrenchment from Federal responsibility so earnestly desired and wishfully predicted by many Republicans. Indeed, the tag "New Deal" has been rather liberally applied to the program—again by the conservative elements in the party.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower brought the irony of this situation to life. Addressing a crowd of this kind, he chose the occasion to be "liberal." Speaking without notes and with obvious deep feeling, the President extracted what he considered the essence of Lincoln's political philosophy and challenged the audience to support his Administration as one carrying out the proper role of government—"The legitimate function of government," he quoted from Lincoln, "is to do for the individuals that which they cannot do for themselves, or cannot do so well for themselves."

"In this," the President added in his own words, "we find the expression of his great heart, his determination that government should be interested in people, in that person's disasters, in their privileges, in their rights—everything that went to enrich their life or to damage that life was a legitimate concern of government. And when necessary, government would directly intervene."

At this point in the President's address the applause was less than deafening.

Closing, the President described the basis of his own Republicanism, in these revealing words:

> The reason I believe in the Republican Party is because I believe it is the best political instrument available in this country to serve the United States in this kind of objective: For making certain that every individual American, whatever his station, will recognize that he has the opportunity of a free citizen, to make for himself what he can, and he will have a sympathetic partner—a big brother partner—in the Federal Government, and that this nation will persist in the kind of nation that was designed by our forefathers and in which it is now our great privilege to live.

These were hardly new ideas, nor were they brilliantly expressed or penetratingly explored. But in contrast to the negative, cliché-ridden remarks of those who preceded him to the rostrum, the President's words had a freshness about them. They were affirmative, and they carried a challenge to positive action, to service, and to sacrifice. Coming from the President of the United State, it was a performance which might have been expected to arouse an audience of his own party to a spontaneous demonstration of support.

The fact that it did not was significant—significant of all the dissensions, disappointments and frustrations within his party, and significant of the obstacles the President must overcome in his dual role as Chief Executive and party leader. At each of those passages in his talk where Mr. Eisenhower clearly felt strongest—when he talked earnestly about the needs of people—

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precisely there he received the least and weakest response.

THE fact is inescapable that there are still a lot of bitter-enders in the Republican Party, and these are the people who consider the party as an exclusive possession of their own. They feel that Mr. Eisenhower is still something of an outsider, even as President, that he has not carried the torch of years of opposition which alone would make him worthy. And there is more than a modicum of suspicion in party councils that the President doesn't even think like a "real Republican"—too much New Dealism in his talk of building houses, aiding education, providing power and the like.

The President himself contributes to this impression, occasionally betraying, unconsciously perhaps, his own lack of *rapport* with the party. He still seems to feel above it, or outside it—seeing himself, again, as representing all the people. The party is an "instrument."

HAD the President witnessed the whole show at the Arena, he might have been somewhat disheartened at a point or two in the proceedings. Vice President Nixon, presiding over the introduction of speakers, explained that they were selected to represent the varied interests and points of view within the Republican Party. Then came the parade to the platform: Senate Majority Leader Knowland, Speaker of the House Martin, House Majority Leader Halleck, Senator Bricker, Representative Judd of Minnesota, Senator Dirksen, Senator Goldwater of Arizona, and the party's newest Member of the House, Congressman Lipscomb of California.

Where, President Eisenhower might have wondered, are my liberal friends? Where indeed, but for Congressman Judd, were those who supported the President in the pre-convention days of 1952? Where, for instance, were Senators Cooper, Duff, Aiken, Flanders, Ives, or Congressmen Heselton of Massachusetts, Canfield of New Jersey, Hope of Kansas, Scott and Fulton of Pennsylvania, Javits and Cole of New York? And there are others—for Republican ranks in Congress are not entirely depleted of liberals.

But the clincher was delivered *in absentia* in the form of a telegram. Greeted by a rare outburst of enthusiasm and carrying the patented reference to "the Hisses, the Whites, the Coes," this could only have come from one man—Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. And at that very moment Senator McCarthy was busy in Canton, Ohio, demonstrating at the behest of the Republican National Committee that he, and not the President, was calling the tune of this campaign: a lilting theme called "Twenty Years of Treason."

Side by Side With the Unions

BACK in 1937, when the ACTU was still a baby, there was a strike at the Woolworth stores in New York. As I recall, the shop girls who worked there had been getting ten or twelve dollars for six days on their feet and there was more than enough ground for complaint.

Heywood Broun and others dropped a few remarks in the press about the contrast between the wages paid Woolworth girls and the income enjoyed by Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton.

A society columnist for the *World-Telegram* leaped to Miss Hutton's defense and made the point that the young lady had given eleven million dollars to charity, a point which was probably well taken, particularly since the odds are that Barbara had nothing whatever to say about Woolworth policy.

We made up a crude sign down at the ACTU office and took it up to the picket line in front of the big store on Fourteenth Street, just a bomb's throw from Union Square. It read: "Babs gave $11,000,000 to charity, *but* 'The worker is not to receive as alms what is due in justice'—Pope Pius XI."

As far as I know, this was the first time that the Pope ever appeared on a picket line in an American strike and it was quite a shock to the boys from Union Square, not to mention the girls from Woolworth's. The strike itself ended in defeat but the ACTU was off to a good start.

That quotation, incidentally, is from *Divini Redemptoris,* the encyclical whose English title is *On Atheistic Communism.* It was written in 1937 and I think it is significant that only one quarter of the encyclical is about Communism. The rest is concerned with the evils and weaknesses of the status quo, including capitalism, and with the Pope's constructive ideas and suggestions.

This is an encyclical that people like Senator McCarthy, and people who admire Senator McCarthy's activities would do well to read and digest.

Its significance was not lost on the ACTU. This organization, the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, was seventeen years old on February 27. This was the date, a Saturday afternon, when eleven obscure and undistinguished laymen sat around the kitchen table at the old Catholic Worker headquarters on Mott Street and decided, as the saying goes, "to start something."

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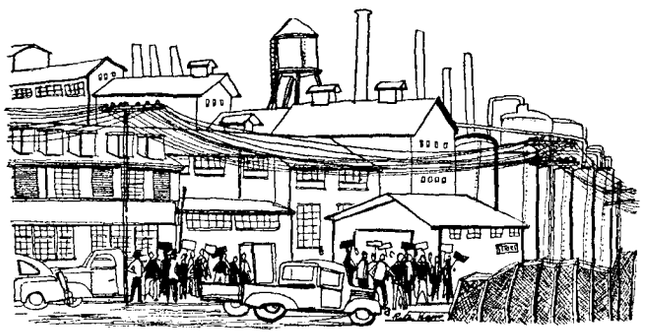
In 1937 there was a great burst of union organization. The CIO was making strides in the unorganized mass production industries and the AFL was also adding members rapidly. At the same time there were still about eight million unemployed and even among the employed there were great pockets of poverty, exploitation and general misery.

The men who gathered around that kitchen table were concerned about a number of things. They were concerned that Catholics, lay and clerical, should support this movement of organization, this elementary striving of the American worker for a job, for food on the table, and, as Phil Murray used to say, "pictures on the wall."

They were concerned that Catholic labor leaders who were themselves exploiting the workers in racketeer unions should be exposed and, if possible, removed. They were concerned that the Communists, whom they could see everywhere active in the newer unions, should not be allowed to fasten their control on these unions.



These were the immediate problems, the immediate inspiration for the founding of the organization.

BUT there was another inspiration. It could be found in Pius XI's earlier encyclical, written in 1931, shortly after the start of the Great Depression, the greatest of the labor encyclicals, *Quadragesimo Anno,* or *Reconstruction of the Social Order.* In this letter to the faithful the Pope says that wherever there are "neutral unions," as in America, "side by side with these unions there should be associations zealously engaged in imbuing and forming their members in the teaching of religion and morality so that they in turn may be able to permeate the unions with that good spirit which should direct them in all their activity. As a result the religious associations will bear good fruit even beyond the circle of their own membership."

"There should always be associations. . . ." This seemed to have the force of a mandate, even if it was only a repeat of an admonition laid down by the saintly Pius X in *Singulari Quadam* way back in 1912. It took us twenty-five years here in America to do something about it.

Over the years the ACTU held a lot of meetings, put out a lot of literature, started a lot of labor schools, got a lot of priests interested and active in the labor field, marched on a lot of picket lines, exposed a lot of racketeers and Communists, ran a lot of retreats, days of recollection, Communion Breakfasts, Labor Day Masses, and other spiritual affairs, made a lot of friends and a fair number of enemies.

Even today there are good people in the labor movement who have a bad impression of the ACTU, an impression that is usually summed up in the words, "outside interference in union affairs."

This bad name that the ACTU has in some quarters stems, I think, from three sources. One is the actual mistakes that the ACTU made by reason of the youth and inexperience of its early leaders. For example: in the early days a priest in one of the centers of the rubber industry wrote in to ACTU headquarters. He was friendly toward the new CIO Rubber Workers, but he complained that the preamble to the union's constitution had a passage that reflected a Marxist, class-war point of view. The ACTU executive secretary, a brash and naive young man who happened to be myself, wrote a letter to the vice-president of the Rubber Workers, a Catholic whom he knew very slightly, and in this letter he complained about the Marxist passage and warned the man that the Rubber Workers better amend their constitution or "the ACTU would have to do a job on them."

The natural reaction of the labor leader who got this letter was to blow his top. Fortunately, he was not permanently alienated.

As experience piled up, however, such boners were relatively rare. When we made enemies, we made them intentionally. And we made them mainly in two ways. One, a member of a racketeer-ridden union would come to us and ask for help. Two, a member of a Communist-dominated union would come to us and ask for help. And we gave them help.

As an example of No. 1, take the AFL longshoremen's union, the old one, the one that was recently expelled from the AFL for chronic corruption and which John L. Lewis, to his everlasting shame, is now trying to keep alive. The ACTU had members who were fighting the Ryan machine from the very beginning. At that time Joe Ryan was president of the New York City Central Trades and Labor Council, AFL. To this day friends of his are still powerful in AFL circles in New York. Some of them are still mad at the ACTU for fighting Ryan and other crooked labor leaders whom they refused to believe were dishonest. Should the ACTU be ashamed of this, or blamed for it?

The same thing happened in the CIO with regard to the Communist unions, which finally in 1949 were expelled from the CIO. But the ACTU was peppering the comrades and their fellow travelers in these unions

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for more than ten years before the CIO threw them out. And some of the fellow travelers who stopped traveling never forgave the ACTU for fingering them. And even consistent anti-Communists fell for the *Daily Worker's* line that the ACTU was just a bunch of "clerical Fascists," "red-baiters" and "ambitious tools of the American hierarchy trying to take over the labor movement." I can remember when even anti-Communists in the Newspaper Guild were afraid to be seen talking to ACTU members at Guild meetings. And it wasn't so long ago either. But should the ACTU be blamed for that?

IN spite of everything the ACTU grew. At the present time it has local chapters in New York, Philadelphia, Camden, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Gary, Detroit, San Francisco and Oakland. In addition there are similar organizations in Chicago, Boston and Buffalo, along the same lines but not affiliated.

The immediate cause of this column is the news that the national office of ACTU has had to suspend publication of its newspaper, *The Labor Leader,* until it could accumulate sufficient funds to pay the printer. This paper is the first Catholic paper in America that was written exclusively for trade unionists. It came out first in January, 1938, as a mimeographed bulletin that was distributed mainly to the students at the ACTU's old Fordham Workers School in the Woolworth Building. Later it became a printed weekly and finally settled down to twice-a-month.

Its editors (and I include myself) occasionally said some foolish things in *The Labor Leader,* but what editor has not? Having nothing, they had nothing to lose and they kept talking at times when it seemed that theirs was the only voice raised against crimes that cried to heaven for vengeance.

Today the Communists are a minor problem in the labor movement and the AFL has finally taken action to excise its racketeer cancer. We still have a certain amount of prosperity and there is a great deal of smugness and complacency in the labor movement.

Nevertheless, I don't think such a paper should be allowed to die. I would like to appeal to Commonweal readers to send what they can to *The Labor Leader,* 327 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

AS an example of the great good that ACTU labor schools have done in their communities I recommend a new booklet, "Thirteen Years in a Labor School" by Father Thomas J. Darby, professor of history at New York's Cathedral College and former ACTU chaplain. It is available for fifty cents from Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

ADMIRERS of Alfred Hayes' novel, *The Girl on the Via Flaminia,* will be surprised to find that the movie version, "Act of Love," has been moved from Rome to Paris. They will be surprised by other things too—mainly that a director as good as Anatole Litvak and a writer as good as Irwin Shaw could have made such a lifeless movie from such a spirited story.

Unhappy as a clerk with the Army of Liberation in Paris in 1944, Kirk Douglas longs to be alone. When a friend offers a room above a café, he jumps at the chance and doesn't even mind too much when he discovers he will have to share the room with a despondent waif who has no other place to go. The fact that this roommate is a pretty French girl (Dany Robin) with problems of her own, doesn't upset Kirk. Inevitably, their relationship moves from quarreling into intimacy and love.

As a love story the film is strangely cold and unemotional; but it is particularly effective in portraying wartime Paris and the unhealthy, unhappy relationships between a nation's people and occupying forces. There is much dialogue about chocolate bars, cigarettes and easy intimacy. "Act of Love" may not have anything impressive to say about real love; but its other aspects are certainly thought-provoking.

WHAT'S really surprising is how a light and exceedingly giddy comedy like "The Long, Long Trailer" (a sort of "I Love Lucy" on wheels) manages to capture the spirit of love much more successfully than an attempt at being serious like "Act of Love." This hilarious comedy is about a newly-married couple who think they can enjoy their honeymoon and married life together in a trailer. This proves a snare and a delusion. But what they do discover and what the film portrays with conviction, thanks to the ingratiating performances of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, the understanding direction of Vincente Minnelli and the amusing script by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, is that love conquers all—even the mishaps that can happen to newlyweds who are inexperienced about marriage as well as trailers. Director Minnelli, who knows how to end a scene when the joke is finished, keeps things moving at a hilarious pace.

IN a way, love for fellow man is the theme of Samuel Goldwyn's great film made in 1946, "The Best Years of Our Lives," which is now being re-released.

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I found on seeing it again that it is as interesting, moving and timely now as it was back in the forties when it was the best of the early postwar movies. Its story about three returning veterans (expertly played by Frederic March, Dana Andrews and Harold Russell) is as urgent after Korea as it was then. Although the film is rather casual about divorce and remarriage in following one of the three men, Robert Sherwood's fine script (which stems from MacKinlay Kantor's undistinguished novel in verse) is strikingly sincere and emotionally moving. Director William Wyler did a first-rate job in allowing the visuals to develop the problems and characters; and Gregg Toland's stunning black-and-white photography is one of the cinema's finest treasures.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE"

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editors: I wonder if I might possibly add a few more remarks to the interesting comments made by Father Dominic Rover [February 5] on Father Victor White's view of the sacral versus the pluralist society [September 4, 1953].

Since Father Rover is pleased to push Father White's argument down, as he says, "one step further" from explicit details to underlying assumptions, let me, in turn, push Father Rover's argument down even further to the theological temper underlying his "traditionalist" opinions on Church and State, right down to his own attitude toward dogma.

It is here, on this level, that, in my opinion, the real difference lies between the noted English Dominican and his American Dominican critic (as it does between Jacques Maritain and John Courtney Murray, S.J., on one side and their respective—and respectable —critics on the other).

Let me first complain, parenthetically, that Father Rover, like most of the "sacralists," takes far too few pains to distinguish the "thesis-hypothesis" concept from the living theological tradition which the Church terms "apostolic." There is far too free-wheeling a use of the term "tradition" in Father Rover's first argument against Father White. A use which is liable to confuse the casual reader and lead him to believe that "sacralism" is part and parcel of the Deposit of Faith, rather than the attempt of certain theologians to apply themselves to concrete history. Whatever our positions may be, we must, in all fairness, realize that.

Father Rover's middle four arguments, especially the really incredible charge of illuminism on the part of Father White, are valuable as indications of Father Rover's own attitude toward dogma. He perfunctorily bows to Father White's definition (an excellently Thomistic one, too) of dogma (the Gospel message) as "an affair wholly of gracious election and individual decision," the relation between the two the Church defines as a mystery. He bows and then goes right on to treat that very Message and the dogmas which bear it to us as a neat collection of theses which all human persons should bow to because they are rigidly *comme il faut* and favorable to the placid Christian serenity of a well-run society. In other words, Father Rover, despite his eloquent protestations to the contrary, is a "static expositor," after all. Running right through his arguments is the tell-tale vein of the debased, late scholastic attitude toward dogma. Mysteries yield to "curial" theses; the necessary verbal definition of a mystery fossilizes itself into an ecclesiastical slogan and, in Father Rover's sacral society, far too frequently the mystery ends up even lower as a vulgarly utilitarian civil loyalty oath or as a method of measuring the socio-political docility of its members.

This semi-tribal attitude toward dogma is the very same one which, in darker moods, to our horror is able to turn out an Inquisition. . . .

We get absolutely nowhere when Father Rover confuses the notion of the State as a piece of machinery constructed by human societies, with human society itself. The Church is interested only in souls and in societies *per se*. She is interested in the various States she coexists with only proximately, in so far as they are either helps or hindrances to the salvation of those who construct them.

Father Rover's statement that the Church is a unique, universal and public society with certain public rights in the domains of marriage, education and worship would hardly be contested by Father White, I am sure. In fact, Father Rover's entire fourth argument, from ecclesiology, is simply a fight where no challenge has been given.

To state what he does is merely to reiterate the Church's undeniable claims as a supernatural society. But, whatever his fourth argument is, it is not to stick a smiling Q.E.D. on a moth-eaten position. From the analogy between the Church and the State as public societies, Fr. Rover concludes that they both have public rights. We all agree. But the sacralists go on to conclude further that those two public rights are wholly parallel. He places no qualification whatsoever on the rights accruing to the Church or the State. And here precisely is the weakness of the "sacralist" position. Are the rights of the Church *coercive* like those of the State? Taking the premises of Father Rover, one is forced to conclude that they are.

Fortunately there are other premises.

The basic mistake of the sacralists is to fail to examine, even cursorily, the actual existent relationship of the *human person* with the State on one hand and the Church on the other. There is a profound differ-

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ence. The State, in Thomistic thought, is absolutely inevitable in a human society, for instance. All persons are subject to it—in one form or another by the very fact of their human nature. It is something innate and therefore involuntary. However, not so with the Church. If Jacques Benigne Bossuet was correct, the Church is "Jesus Christ extended to all mankind." She is not a rigidly inexorable development from our nature, like the State. She is rather, like the Incarnation and Redemption, the marvelous thing which our nature asks for and is mysteriously able to refuse as well as accept. All men are ordered to her, it is true. She is a public society, it is true. But, unlike the State, which is also public, she must be embraced dynamically and inwardly before she takes on meaning for the human person. The Church is interested only in the human person and his society and it is to them that she extends her never-ending invitation to "put on Christ."

Father Rover makes the mistake that the eminent theologian, Henri de Lubac, S.J., warns us against (in his *Catholicisme*): "Fundamentally Catholicity has nothing to do with geography or statistics. If it is true that it should be . . . manifest to all, yet its nature is not material but spiritual. Like sanctity, catholicity is primarily an intrinsic feature of the Church." The Church is Catholic and will remain so, long after "sacral Christendom" has crumbled away into the dust of an old continent. The Church will go on to incarnate Christ in all the societies of the future, as the late Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard so beautifully prophesied. But to hold fast to this assurance from the Gospel is not to hope pathetically for the growth of another batch of sacral societies which, probably more than anything else, have served to estrange our now rapidly secularizing neighbors from us. The blame for a bloody religious war can never be laid at the door of the pluralistic society. Twentieth-century man is looking around, as wakeful Christians have noticed, for redemption. But he will not come looking for the sacral society.

Actually what many Christians are criticizing most of all these days in the "traditionalist" position is the continuously delicate teetering of the sacralists between the sleepy observance of dead letters on one hand and something which perilously approaches a mild form of hypocrisy on the other. They are forced to admit that almost universally their hypothesis reigns, while their thesis has practically shrivelled up. Even in the Latin world where to some extent it still actualizes itself, there is continual friction. Its sterility, which Father Rover so vehemently denies, is painfully apparent.

The Church south of my California border dazzles the proletariat, commands the lukewarm acknowledgment of the bourgeois and, with tragic though not as high-lighted regularity, draws the cold sarcasm and undying hostility of the intellectuals.

I met a young man recently, a Brazilian. A brilliant young man, schooled in Europe, he was completely at home in five languages. I take him as a typical upper-class youth of the Latin American countries. He intends to follow his father into the profession of medicine. Is he a Catholic? But certainly! "One is inevitably a Catholic," he informed me casually. He views the Church as a "powerful though irrational gargoyle" which has traditionally brooded over his beloved country and which he would probably miss, were it to vanish overnight. He is tolerant of the Church. After all, it gives his mother and his sisters something to do. As for himself, his brothers and his physician-father, well—they are *men*.

Is he cynical? Not at all. There was not the trace of a blasé attitude in him, in spite of his schooling in Paris. He is passionately devoted to his country, its traditions and its future. He, and possibly thousands like him, are the future leaders of Latin America, and the Church is a harmless old gargoyle for him, cawing moralistically from time to time about the bathing suits worn on Rio de Janeiro's white beaches. He is a product of the sacral society.

A growing number of us who, like Father White, are seriously concerned with this savagely ironic situation, are looking carefully into the wellsprings of our theology for something to meet the demands of the Incarnation in our days. Pius XII's brilliant allocution to the Italian Jurists has sensitively taken the lead. . . .

In closing, I might remark that Father Rover's strictures against what he terms "extreme personalism" have a strangely and vaguely ominous air about them in spite of the diluted and contradictory way in which he expresses himself. On one hand he claims that it is erroneous to hold that "truth must always bow to the *vagaries* [italics mine] of the invincibly erroneous conscience." (How invidiously expressed! Father Rover's choice of metaphor betrays again his "static exposition." Truth and conscience, dogma and the human mind can hardly be described as confronting each other stonily, each waiting for the other to bow.) A little further on he remarks more pleasingly but a trifle confusingly that the sacral society is not at all synonymous with the "forcing" of individual consciences in its quest of the common good. This is the same sweet ambiguity which the Jewish theologian Will Herberg complained about gently in the pages of this very journal, some months ago. Just where, in Father Rover's sacral paradise, does the police court leave off and the confessor's box take up? I deliberately mentioned that the young Latin whom I met was a Brazilian. In his country the sacral society is fading much more rapidly than in Colombia or Spain, but still it is strong enough to ensure that he be estranged, with his generation, from theology. He has every sophistication but that of the Cross.

NAME WITHHELD.

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BOOKS

A Leader Who Was Unequal to History's Lesser Tasks

THE PROPHET ARMED. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. $6.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

WHEN we attempt to evaluate the complex events of our time, we run up against a paradox: at certain times it was right for certain people to be wrong. Thus, one can feel more sympathy for those humanitarians who were deluded by the idealistic rhetoric of the Russian Revolution than for those reactionaries who attacked it, not because they foresaw the totalitarianism to which it would lead, but because they hated its very challenge. T. S. Eliot has reminded us that the greatest treason is "to do the right thing for the wrong reason." How shall we judge those in our century who have done the wrong thing for the right reason?

How, in particular, shall we judge Leon Trotsky? In *The Prophet Armed,* Isaac Deutscher supplies us with a key. He presents the factual background for an adequate understanding of Trotsky, and he has done so not only with the necessary scholarship but also with the necessary compassion. This book is a first-rate example of twentieth century historiography. Its subject, Leon Trotsky, does not, however, belong wholly to the past. The issues, the agonizing problems, which his life raises are still with us.

Trotsky was one of the few men in our time who possessed the dimensions of the tragic hero. He was, to use Sidney Hook's distinction, a hero who made events rather than one who was made by them. Leader of the Petersburg Soviet in his twenties, an insurrectionist who conquered Russia as he turned forty, he was in 1921 at the very height of his power, artisan of the victory of the Red Army, and, with Lenin, the unquestioned leader of the Revolution.

Yet in 1921, Leon Trotsky, the prophet armed, and the Revolution, the prophecy armed, stood upon the brink of catastrophe. To understand why, it is not enough to condemn the rapid degeneration of the Revolution and to picture Trotsky's fall as the punishment due his own guilt. For Trotsky, and the movement he led, were motivated, however mistakenly, by a profound humanitarianism. In both there was a genuine moral quality and in their fall there were the elements of genuine tragedy.

Again, Mr. Deutscher supplies the information necessary to understand this. And, curiously enough, it was Engels who unknowingly prophesied what happened and how it happened. In *The Peasant War in Germany,* Engels wrote: "The worst thing that can befall a leader of an extreme party is to be compelled to take over a government in an epoch when the movement is not yet ripe for the domination of the class which he represents. . . . He is bound to his doctrines and the demands hitherto propounded which do not emanate from the inter-relations of the social classes at a given moment. . . . Thus he necessarily finds himself in a dilemma."

Trotsky and Lenin were such leaders. Almost bloodlessly (a "pacifist putsch" Otto Ruehle has called October, 1917) they seized power in a backward, predominantly agricultural nation. But almost as soon as their insurrection succeeded, it was under a state of siege from foreign interventionists and White armies.

Combined with Russia's historical backwardness was the failure of the European Revolution upon which Lenin, and Trotsky, had counted so much. They had looked to the West, and especially to Germany, to save Russian socialism from its own history. Zinoviev and Kamenev had protested against their overestimation of the revolutionary potential of the West, but they had gone ahead. The Revolution in Germany failed and Russia was isolated within its own past. The dilemma of which Engels spoke was realized: it had to be either Stalinism or the romantic revolutionary intransigence of the exiled Trotsky.

The strange thing about this whole process is that the men who presided over it possessed a quality of intellectual pessimism which should have forewarned them. But their wills were made optimistic by the Revolution. Thus one of Trotsky's great theoretical accomplishments, which Deutscher documents, was to have seen that Russia had neither undergone a vital feudalism nor the ascendancy of a strong, indigenous bourgeoisie. The State had dominated Russian history. Deutscher sums up Trotsky's point: "The misery of Russian bourgeois democracy supplemented the crudeness of the feudal tradition."

Yet Trotsky did not conclude from this that caution was necessary. He rather used his analysis as the basis for his belief that the Russian working class would lead a continuous process of revolution, bourgeois and socialist. This line of thought is tremendously relevant today—to the backward nations of Asia. For here again we see societies in which the ox-cart is the reality and the aspiration is toward diesel, and even atomic, energy. The world market and the imperialistic possibilities under which Western industrialism grew strong are absent. The answer which suggests itself, then, is the regimented exploitation of the backward workers and peasants by the progressive State. Engels' dilemma is terribly real in India and China today. Both countries are attempting to move quickly from a backward past into an industrial future. For Trotsky, and for the Rusian Revolution, the attempt led to terrible, totalitarian consequences.

Still there is the paradox of Trotsky: that he analyzed so brilliantly those conditions which were to be the downfall of the Revolution, yet drew from his analysis an optimistic conclusion. I think we can understand it best by returning to Hook's distinction between the event-making hero and the hero made by events.

In one sense, Trotsky can be seen as the victim of an almost Greek

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fate, exact to the assassin's pick-axe in his skull, whereby the terrible logic of history, of Russian backwardness and the failure of European revolution, destroyed the prophet armed and betrayed his prophecy. But in a more profound sense, Trotsky's fate is that of the event-making hero; his tragedy more Elizabethan than Greek. Because if anything prepared for the specifically Bolshevik character of October, 1917, it was not history but the unswerving and individual will of Lenin and Trotsky. They made the event, but eventually, as Engels prophesied, the event turned upon them and engulfed them.

I think Deutscher's characterization of Trotsky is magnificent in grasping this. He writes: "On a gigantic stage, which dwarfed others, [Trotsky] rose to the giant's stature. . . . When the revolution was on the wane, however, he was out of his element and his strength sagged. He was equal to herculean, not to lesser, labors." The final tragedy is that the lesser labors were left to a man of whom Trotsky always spoke contemptuously as a "mediocrity"—that Stalin who had the dull strength, not to make great events, but to exploit them.

Criticism

HUMANITIES. By Desmond MacCarthy. Oxford. $3.50.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

PUBLISHING the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy in New York seems about as hopeful an enterprise as bringing out a volume of Brooks Atkinson's Sunday pieces in London. Even that brilliant Commonweal alumnus Walter F. Kerr would have a tough time making the grade in a city where people are accustomed to read other, though not better, drama critics over their toast and marmalade. To carry across the Atlantic, a man need not be as good a drama critic as Atkinson or Kerr or Richard Watts, but he does have to have an easily recognizable style and a highly pungent personality. An egotist, an eccentric, an extrovert—or preferably a combination of all three—will be trumpeted far and wide, if only by the actors and playwrights he has disembowelled. A James Agate, an Alexander Woollcott—to mention only the dead—will always have his brief moment of international notoriety. But to be read a hundred years after his death, a man has to be something more than a drama critic—and something more than an exhibitionist, too. Shaw's drama criticism will be read a hundred years from now, and perhaps Sir Max Beerbohm's. Who else's will?

Not Desmond MacCarthy's, I'm afraid, for all the kind things that his son-in-law, Lord David Cecil, says in his preface. Yet MacCarthy was a first-rate drama critic (for the weekly *New Statesman,* 1913-1933 approximately), the kind of critic who makes sure he knows what the playwright is trying to say before he passes judgment one way or the other. Read his criticisms here of Joyce's *Exiles* or Cocteau's *Orpheus,* plays by authors whose previous work in the drama was either nonexistent or unfamiliar to him. When he has before him the work of a playwright whom he understands and loves, he can write very illuminating criticism indeed. Read his defense of *Ghosts* in 1917, when people were already saying that Ibsen was old stuff; *Ghosts* is not, he says, a play about venereal disease, a clinical treatise like Brieux's *Damaged Goods:* "It is Mrs. Alving who is the central figure of the play; the revolution in her is the theme."

On Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* and *The Cherry Orchard* he does better still; these plays are not about odd Russians, he insists, but about universal human nature, with more observation in a page of dialogue than suffices some dramatists for a whole play; nor does he overlook Chekhov's all-pervading sense of humor and even of farce—"the rainbow effect of laughter shining through a rain of tears."

A whole volume of such criticism would be worth reading, even though MacCarthy was too gentlemanly and self-effacing for the *prima donna* tactics of Agate and Woollcott. Unfortunately, the drama criticism takes up only a third of *Humanities;* most of the remainder is devoted to book reviews or brief critical essays similarly written to a weekly deadline. Now, in a dozen carefully selected drama reviews a man can reveal a coherent view of the theater, but a dozen short book reviews, ranging from Sydney Smith's witticisms to T. S. Eliot's criticism of the poetry of Shelley, cannot as adequately express an attitude to literature. Perhaps fifty or a hundred could, but I think even the best of literary critics need three thousand or five thousand words at a time to turn around in. Often, editorial requirements cut MacCarthy short just as he is beginning to be interesting.

I particularly enjoyed MacCarthy's two short stories of boyhood and his very wise assessment of the Irish situation in 1920, before the partition of the country, under the title "Reflections of an Anglo-Irishman," but I think these items belong in two other books. All in all, the editor, Mr. T. R. Fyvel, in his laudable desire to display as many facets as possible of Desmond MacCarthy, has failed to illuminate any one of them sufficiently for the American reader. In fact, since the edition before me was printed in England, I very much doubt that he ever had the American reader in mind.

Understatement

YOUNG MEN WAITING. By Chapman Mortimer. Grove Press. $3.50.

By PATRICK F. QUINN

FROM Cervantes on up, almost all novelists have had in mind one large, everlasting question: how do people treat one another; and almost every time the answer is the same: badly. So it goes in this book. Mr. Mortimer raises the old question and reaches the usual conclusion. This is precisely what we expect a novelist, in our time especially, to do. But we also expect, or rather hope, that his book will refract his vision of experience through to us with something of the interesting complexity that made it

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worth writing about in the first place. *Young Men Waiting* is complex enough in some ways, but not interesting. Perhaps this book, published in England some time ago and the first of Mr. Mortimer's novels to be reprinted here, does not represent him at the top of his game, for he is evidently a serious writer and he can start a scene or two with the best of them. But if he has a vision of experience he has also, in this instance, taken steps to communicate as little of it as possible.

Most obviously, he has avoided telling a story. What there is of a narrative comes down to this: Three friends, studying and writing in Paris in 1927, find their friendship inexplicably shattered when another art student, a stranger to them, begins to appear at the café where the three meet for dinner in the evening. Misunderstandings mushroom up out of the most evanescent trifles, a look, a phrase, a remark withheld. The young wife of the café owner plays an oblique part in the developments, and, because oblique, decisive. A mute quarrel over her, taking shape at one point as a game, ends with the accidental death of one of the trio and the suicide of another. Meantime, the youth whose presence happened to set these destructive energies in motion is tacitly accepted into the noisome circle. But he is almost at once reclaimed from it by a masterful young lady whose sudden entry onto the scene at the end of the book is no more baffling than any of the other details that comprise the story and conspire to keep it free of an intelligible plot.

Not that one need set up plot-interest, in the Dickens manner, as the essence of fiction. Nor is it an important weakness that the novel is so frugal in its treatment of setting. Possibly Mr. Mortimer decided that other writers, Hemingway especially, have already given us all we ought to have about the "atmosphere" of Paris in the mid-twenties. All right; but going to another extreme he slices his material unconscionably thin, stakes everything on inference, understatement, and innuendo. In the action, to call it that, of *Young Men Waiting,* more is going on than meets the eye, much more. It is as if a curious façade were set up before us as one side to the cube of reality; our task is to see the figure in depth. Or, to recall the Add-a-Part recordings of a few years ago, it seems that the author of this book plays first violin and invites the reader to sit in with him and sight-read the three other parts. It isn't easy.

The Old Battle

THE WHITE CITADEL. By Charles Neider. Twayne. $3.50.

By JOHN F. SULLIVAN

CHARLES Neider's first novel will not, I think, make it necessary to change our estimate of his talent as primarily a critical one. But *The White Citadel* represents nonetheless an added distinction to the fine reputation which this young

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THE KINGDOM IS YOURS *Peter Forestier, S.M.*

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critic has won by his study of Franz Kafka and by a series of notable anthologies.

The most obvious fault to be found with the novel is a tendency to hesitate between two different categories. One begins by thinking that it is to be of the "family saga" sort, with perhaps a touch of the Wolfean exploration of the writer's own childhood sensibilities. But one is soon made aware that it is also to be a less naturalistic, more symbolic concentration on a single character. Both types are very competently executed, it must be said, though there is hardly scope for the first sort in the book's two hundred and twenty-four pages. The symbols which are so important to the second sort—the citadel, passage to America, self-flagellation—grow out of the ordinary context of the story into tragic significance.

On the credit side, too, must be noted the remarkable evocation of the Bessarabian setting. This deeply fertile delta land has been subject through centuries to many conquests —Greek, Roman, Turkish, Russian —and in the period of the novel it is caught in the throes of transfer from Czarist through Bolshevik Russian to Rumanian sovereignty. Politics, however, only dimly concerns the characters of the novel—or it might be more accurate to say that all politics are regarded with a similar, "Asiatic" fatalism—because the characters of the novel are Jews. The theme of their oppression runs throughout the book in a tragic kind of undercurrent, but the main theme of the novel has nothing to do with anti-Semitism.

The principal theme is perhaps crudely and vulgarly, but accurately described on the dust jacket as "the battle of the sexes." The protagonist, Kostya, struggles to keep a citadel within himself which is under constant storm by his mother and his wife. Alliance with one would mean an easy victory over the other, but defeat of both may be ultimately impossible. It does not seem to me that this theme has been given anything like adequate literary treatment. In high comedy there come to mind Shakespeare's "merry war" between Beatrice and Benedick and some

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scenes in Congreve; there is Thurber's wry tragicomedy; and this is the theme of Anouilh's *Antigone and the Tyrant*. If *The White Citadel* does not completely succeed with it, at least it communicates the feeling of inevitability that must surround a profoundly tragic theme, for, as Kostya says in the novel:

> And look here, here's a man: he's always talking, talking, arguing with a woman, treating her as if she were rational, and thereby driving himself mad.

Liberal Values

BUT WE WERE BORN FREE. By Elmer Davis. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

By PAUL V. FARRELL

ELMER Davis' tartness of expression and independence of thought come over as well on the printed page as they do on the air. This collection of talks and essays by the noted reporter and news analyst critically examines what he regards as serious threats to our freedom—McCarthy and the other investigators, certain ex-Communists, those who would legislate us away from social and political progress by Constitutional amendment, and, finally, all the timid and lazy who permit these operators to flourish.

Davis says annoyance prompted most of his observations. They seem more inspired by righteous wrath, and spiced with his own engaging dry humor. It all makes for some of the best reading on a melancholy subject that's been seen for a long while—if at all.

If labels must be used, Davis can be classed as a liberal. But he wears no group's ideological collar, and his respect for intelligent, honest conservatism is deeper than that of many people who cannot tolerate his views. His sense of proportion and his high concept of a journalist's responsibility are constantly apparent. He is always questioning, searching, and fighting the temptation to pass along the glib answer and the press handout as "news." Thus, in this book, honesty compels him to agree, in spite of his strictures against the investigators, that in the main "little was done by the executive branch to interrupt them [Communists] in their ascent, until Congressional committees brought forth to light the facts of the conspiracy."

Davis' chief fault seems to be an occasional tinge of Pharisaism. Like most of us, he'd rather not do anything so vulgar as to admit a mistake. His few just seem a little more notable because they've been made by Elmer Davis.

But that is a minor criticism weighed against his record of superb reporting, sound scholarship and unrelenting efforts to get at the facts. These pieces, dedicated to the memory of Ernst Reuter, a "fighter for freedom whom nobody ever scared," are fiercely eloquent rallying cries to defend freedom of the mind and soul. It would be discouraging, to say the least, if they suffer the same fate Davis seems to think they did in their original form. "I am afraid," he says, "that I was preaching mostly to just men and women who need no repentance."

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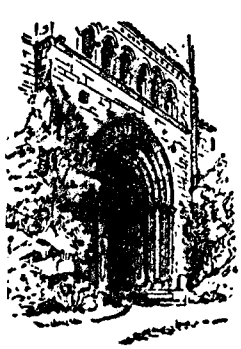

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In Coming Weeks

Christopher Dawson

discusses the situation of the Catholic in a secularized world: "To understand the religious state of the modern world, we must recognize the existence of two contrary tendencies. On the one hand the standards of the religious minority have been steadily rising, while at the same time the general level of religious practice among the majority of nominal Christians or semi-Christians has been rapidly sinking. Therefore the general over-all tendency is for modern Western society to become increasingly pagan, while at the same time Christianity considered as a minority religion retains and perhaps even increases its vitality and its internal strength. . . ."

Francois Mauriac

reflects on contemporary religion: "What [the totalitarian states] ask is the gift of the person, the sacrifice of one's most secret thoughts. The cult of the Roman Caesar did not imply the denial of the infinite Being; but today we know how far the bloody idols of the State and the Party go in their demands. But here is the mystery: We denounce the idols of the peoples behind the iron curtain and are blind to those idols whose cult we ourselves follow. And yet what strange powers of deification possess the man of our times, even when he is a Christian. Indeed, have we not deified all that we are? . . ."

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The Challenge

WORLD POWER IN THE BALANCE. By Tibor Mende. Noonday Press. $3.

By JOHN A. LUKACS

TIBOR Mende is an economist, and he examines the future. In doing this, he starts out with a formidable handicap about which he is, of course, unaware. The handicap lies in the fact which no less an economist than Mr. Peter Drucker called "The End of Economic Man." This, now, is not an age that is dominated by economics. It is, indeed, questionable whether there ever was a period, or sphere, of history when the rational factors of productivity and distribution determined the course of human events, when statistics determined battles, when the cravings of bellies determined the passions of hearts. Beneath all the theories of the economists lies a fundamentally optimistic view of the nature of man, a view which in this century has dismally failed. So have the economists themselves. Whether we call theirs "the dismal science," or whether economics, as this reviewer is inclined to think, is the metaphysics of Protestant societies, the truth remains that the prediction of future events from an economic basis has, in our century, proved false and vain.

There is no doubt, today, that in forecasting the temper and future of the twentieth century, Smith, Malthus, Marx, Owen, Bentham, Webb, George, Wells have all disastrously failed; and that men who never thought twice about economics, preoccupied as they were in the realms of the spirit, Tocqueville, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche; Stendhal, Baudelaire, Flaubert; Melville, Dostoevsky, Burckhardt; Bloy, Henry Adams, Newman predicted the circumstances, and consequences, of our century with much more insight and, at times, with awful precision. Under these circumstances the importance of M. Mende's book withers. He repeats certain, and already standard, contemporary economic dogmas: that the technological progress of the United States is

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the greatest revolution in world history; that a global economic aid program on the Point Four model can solve many, if not all, of the ills of the world; that the goodwill of Persian dervishes, of Indian fakirs, and of Burmese prostitutes can be permanently bought with, say, new schemes of irrigation.

M. Mende has a somewhat Malthusian awe of population statistics. He also repeats the old chestnut: that the coming of the European dictators was the result of the American depression; and this newer chestnut, that the contemporary efforts of Britain and France to hold onto their remaining Asiatic possessions are due to their desire to extract export revenues therefrom, would make little sense to a Churchill or to General Navarre. Moreover, M. Mende has a regrettable tendency to discuss (and misinterpret) political matters in the dreary language of bloated economics and technological semantics. "Modern, and, therefore, large-scale war," he writes, "is a measure of any participant's ability to distribute, free of charge, large quantities of capital equipment in the shortest possible time."

After these paragraphs of passionate criticism, it should be said, nevertheless, that M. Mende's book has merits, and that a good part of it is really worth reading. M. Mende has a good sense of perspective; moreover, he is an educated man, not an economic specialist, and therefore able to perceive human motives in a more catholic vein.

About the growing incompatibility of human freedom within a mechanical civilization he says, for example, that "to become a cog after encouragement to believe oneself an independent machine is a bitter experience." M. Mende, who is not a Catholic, nevertheless seems to appreciate the profundity of spiritual problems that confront this world. When he states that already nearly half of the consumer goods available to Americans are "unnecessary to normal health or comfort," he senses the fundamental wisdom that lay behind the Papal words "frugal comfort."

This book, according to its title page, will be published in France under the title: *Introduction à l'histoire de demain.* That it is certainly not. It is, however, a clever disquisition on certain contemporary developments; and when M. Mende, a former Central European journalist now living in France, writes that Europe, " a reckless pensioner," today "seems to lack the determination to adapt her way of living to her irrevocably changed circumstances," he reflects a degree of commendable intellectual courage.

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